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Judge

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POLITICAL "KIDS" OUT IN THE COLD.

Judge

W. J. Arkell. Bernhard Gillam
I. M. Gregory, *Editor*.

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THE CHRISTMAS JUDGE—OUT DECEMBER 12TH.

THE NUMBER of the Judge for December 19th (out December 12th) will be the Christmas issue. It is rich in pictures and reading-matter, and the glow and flavor of Christmas pervade every page. Among the artists contributing to this number are Hamilton, Victor Gillam, "Zim," J. H. Smith, F. L. Fithian, A. S. Daggy, W. L. Sheppard, P. S. Newell, Sydney B. Griffin, George R Brill, H. B. Neilson, Henry Mayer, Louis Wain, Howard Helmick, J. M. Flagg, A B. Phelan, J. A. Lemon, R. L. Stearns, T. B. Robertson, Art. Young, C. D. Gilbert, W. M. Goodes, Stanlaw, F. A. Nankivel, J. Boh, and R. M. Wright.

The letter-press is the work, among others, of Henry Tyrrell, James J. O'Connell, Minna Irving, Edward Clayton Savage, Anna Pierpont Siviter, Albert B Payne, Charles M. West, George S. Crittenden, Madeline S. Bridges, Tom Masson, A. T. Worden, Mrs. George Archibald, Mary C. Francis, William H. Siviter, and I. M. Gregory.

The Christmas Judge goes to all regular subscribers. Price to others twenty-five cents.

THE KAISER doesn't want any German soldier to pray to him, but rather to his grandfather and his other predecessors.

* * *

PEACE HATH her victories. The chief business of our war-vessels is to get out of order and have themselves built over.

* * *

MR RAINES thinks it was his law that gave the Republicans victory in this state. Now we thought it was the question of the price of putty.

* * *

THE DEFEAT of Bryan is said to have driven several persons crazy; but his nomination, judging from the returns, was far more destructive.

* * *

THE HUSBAND of Isabella, ex-queen, is not permitted to sit at table with his wife, and he is even denied the privilege of occupying a place under it.

* * *

WHEN THINGS come to a crisis John Bull has as much love of peace as anybody. He must have inherited his common sense from our sober second thought.

* * *

THERE IS an important question. It is this. Will the populists give back the word Democracy to its rightful owners, or must the latter hunt up a new one?

* * *

IF ANYBODY has a friend he wants to remark at once that Mr. McKinley has the gentleman in view for a place in his cabinet. Because the chance occurs only once in four years.

* * *

SO MANY TROUBLES are being forced upon Governor-elect Black by the newspaper correspondents that one wonders he doesn't resign as the only way to get away from them.

* * *

TO ESCAPE a threatened natural death persons have been known to commit suicide. It doesn't seem possible that Spain would fight the United States as a means to run away from Cuba.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND probably remarks in his loneliness, not aggressively or joyfully, but as one who states a plain fact with a suggestive conclusion, "The king is dead, nevertheless long live the king."

* * *

THE BACCHANTE given to the Boston library has finally been accepted; but she is to be made to stay out-of-doors in the coldest weather, without a latch-key or the slightest pocket to put it in.

* * *

MATTIE HUGHES CANNON, silverite, was elected to the Utah senate, beating her husband, Elder Angus M. Cannon, who ran for that office on the Republican ticket. It seems likely that the elder didn't know she was loaded.

UNINTENTIONAL PROVOCATION.

Finnegan—"Phwat precippytated thot assault thot wor med on yez lasht noight at th' parthy—jilousy av th' foine clothes ye wear?"

Dempsey—"No; it wor th' crisankymoom Oi wore in me coat. Oi niver knew whin Oi bo't it in th' dark thot it wor orange-coolored, be gob!"

SILENCE IS PEWTER.

"HE HAS a fortune to earn," says the Elmira *Gazette*, speaking of Senator Hill and his retirement to private life. He likewise has a misfortune to overcome. It is extreme reticence at the very time that he ought to speak. If he treats his clients as badly as he treated himself after the Chicago convention he will never address a jury until the latter has brought in the required verdict.

WHEN TO STEAL.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for the law to be strictly just as between wealth and poverty. It gets as near to it as it can; but money buys time and time brings to light circumstances which in the other case would remain hidden. Everybody is glad that Mrs. Castle received a light sentence, for she is undoubtedly irresponsible; but a poor woman in her case would have gone to prison for a long term. The moral is plain—don't steal until you get so rich that you do not need to steal.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

IT IS A GOOD IDEA, presented by the *Sun*, that when you have a bad president you want to flip him out in four years. Let us present that side of the question of the presidential term, and we have the argument for a term of two years, instead of six or eight years, as proposed, leaving his satanic majesty to take possession of the business hindmost. But there follows the unanswerable argument that when you have a bad candidate you mustn't elect him to any term at all.

A DESTRUCTIVE GRIND.

WE FORGET the details of the fable relating how the sea was flavored with salt. There was a ship with a grinder of salt in it, and it ground so much and so persistently that the master of the vessel flew into a rage and broke it into many pieces. All of these pieces ground away, each for itself, and that was the cause of it. It is possible that Mr. Bryan proposes to grind silver in the same way; but it is more likely that his experience will be that of the rat that gnawed a file and consequently lost its teeth and died of starvation.

A PLAIN, GOOD, HONEST MAN.

THE DEATH OF JOHN Y. FOSTER, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, took from this world a man with a superfluous conscience, because he was so naturally good and fair and just that he had no use for it. Undoubtedly the angels met him at the threshold of the other world; and he met them with a look of surprise, and of mild rebuke that they should honor him with recognition of a ceremonious nature. There was no ostentation in his religion, his journalism, or any of his garments; and if he doesn't sing or play the harp over there it is because he prefers retiracy and doesn't think he can make good music.

THE MERCIFUL MENELEK.

ITALY has compromised with Abyssinia. The terms are, in terms not strictly diplomatic, that Italy acknowledges herself whipped and is quite willing to get out of a bad scrape by acknowledging the fact and paying the damages. Happily for her, the Abyssinian negus is more generous than the Italian negus would be with the situations reversed; and it is a fine thing for the latter to find out that kings do best when they attend to their own business. The missionary reform that is carried on by armies has too much blood in it, and too few hymn-books.

A FAIR CHANCE FOR ALL.

IT MAY be stated as a fact that the wealth of this country is too much centralized. It is a result of commercial sagacity, however, and there is equal sagacity on the part of the many who complain of it. Let them set themselves to work to regulate the matter in commercial ways. No war ever made matters better. No hysterics and bad talk ever did it. Fortunes have demonetized through time and bad management, and ordinary, every-day men have got possession of them. A few years ago the original Mr. Astor was peddling furs. Commodore Vanderbilt was the happy possessor of one Staten-island boat. John H. Starin was selling a remedy for sick horses. The Standard-oil men were country merchants. It is a free country. One man has as good a chance as another if he has the requisite brains and gets his opportunity; and the whirligig of time makes all things even.

AN UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

DEACON JOHNSON—"De poets say dat men got married bekase dey wuz tired."
MRS. JOHNSON—"My lawd! I beliebe dem poets."

MARJORIE'S LETTER.

"MARJORIE, do straighten up your play-room; it seems to me I never saw such a miscellaneous lot of trash in it before," I said to the child the other day. Marjorie turned her grave eyes upon me a moment, then drawing her dog's face close to her own whispered, "Bouncie, help me 'member that big word of mamma's. We'll put it in Santa Claus's letter; it'll sure 'tract his 'tention." And here is the letter:

"Dear Santa—plees send me an' Bounce an Baby piles of Things for our play Room Plees send the very Musky-mellonous kind mama dont seem to precherate that kind cause its so long sense she was a Baby or Dog or Little gurl but we like em,

"ME AN BOUNCE."

TOO BIG A LOAD.

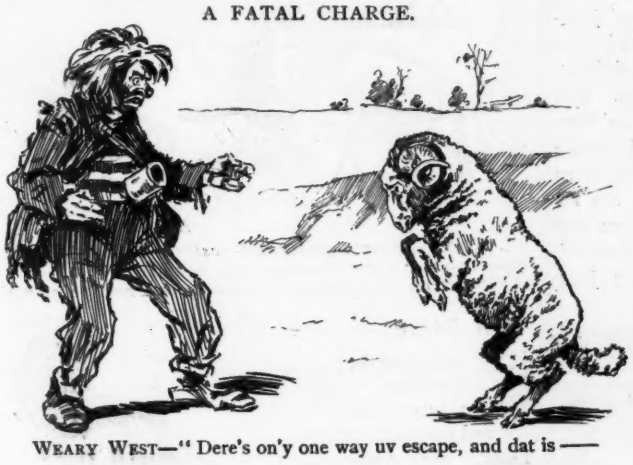
GOOD Santa Claus may well grow wild
And go out on a strike
If every woman, man and child
Insist they want a bike.

A SUCCESS.

"AH," SAID Borrougher, rubbing his hands gleefully as he gazed at the sticky fly-paper, "there's a leg-puller that pulls legs!"

——ter use foot-ball tackticks.——

A FATAL CHARGE.



WEARY WEST—"Dere's on'y one way uv escape, and dat is——

QUITE EXPLICIT ENOUGH.

MRS. JONES was absent and had left the youngest scion of the house of Jones in the care of her dear friend, Mrs. Brown. It was evening and Freddie was being put to bed, when the following conversation took place:

Mrs. Brown—"Freddie, kneel down now and say your prayers."

Freddie—"Yethum." (Kneels and babbles his prayers, concluding with "God bless papa and mamma and all dear friends. Amen.")

Mrs. Brown—"Why, Freddie, you've left me out of your prayer. Last night you asked God to bless your dear Mrs. Brown. Have you no word for me to-night?"

Freddie—"Oh, I'm too tired. But that'll be all right. You come under the head of 'dear friends.'"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

OH, FOOLISH man, on Christmas eve
Just give your boy a drum
And he will make you soon believe
It's really kingdom-come.

——Sorry, me buck, but yer wor up agin' an ex-foot-ball champeen dis time. See?"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

GEORGIA CAINE IN "LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN."

Where sprightliness and beauty
Illuminate a part,
We're spared the painful duty
Of criticising "art."
This, Georgie dear, applies to you,
And here your picture proves it true.

CHANGE.

FORTUNE favors the brave, they say.
Fortune? She comes and goes.
Edward hung up his six-inch sock,
Bessie her longer hose.

Small things crowded poor Edward's sock—
As ties that his fond wife chose.
Umbrella, candy, and fine big things
Slipped into Bessie's hose.

Fortune found then her storied wheel.
Whisk! What a change in clothes!
There, where once hung a six-inch sock,
Now hangs bicycle hose.

C. M. R.

A SAD CASE.

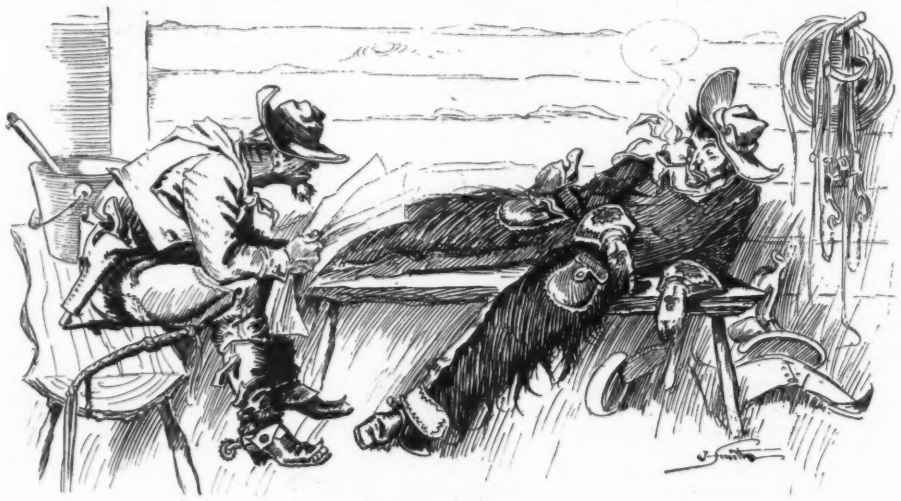
MRS. WELLMENT—"You say you have a sick wife and three small children—can't you find work?"

BEGGAR (*sobbing*)—"'Twouldn't do no good, lady. De kids ain't old enough ter work yet."

HIS STATUS.

Askins—"Your country cousin, Jay Green, is somewhat unsophisticated, isn't he?"

Grimshaw—"Rather. Some time ago he was swindled by a confidence-man on a game so old that when the sharper was arrested the authorities, in view of the fact that Jay had proven such a dead-easy sucker, prosecuted the swindler under the fish-law."



A RECORD-BEATER.

KINKY LIGHTNING (*the calf-'rastler*)—"Look here, Dimples; this paper says there's a millionaire down east that's started seventy-four hospitals."

DIMPLED DOOLITTLE—"He must be a handy man with a gun."

THE HOBO SANTA CLAUS.

THEY were gazing in yearningly at the window and indicating what they would take in case property rights were waived. Finally, Dusty asked Weary what he'd do if he were "Sandy Clus."

"W'at'd I do?" repeated Weary, wiping his nose enthusiastically heavenward with the sleeve of his coat. "I wudn't do a t'ing, I wudn't! In de firs' place I d have free 'hots' an' Java an' jews-berry-pie at ev'ry corner. Den I'd make it rain gum-drops fer de kids, an' any guy w'at wudn't say 'Mary Crismus' 'd have his mout' sewed up. Den I'd turn de water-wurks inter a brew'ry an' have twenty-t'ree hydrants t' ev'ry block. Den I'd make Centerl park a free beer-garden an' fix up de trees wid Crismus t'ings fer de risin' gineration. An' I'd make you presidint, an' anywun w'at 'd start any war talk we'd hang t' de neares' noospaper orfice. An' we'd turn all de cops an' fly-mugs over t' Jack de Ripper an'"——

But the officer thought he was getting personal and requested him to move.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

A RUSE.

SHE sat before me at the play,
Her hat betwixt me and the stage.
I said, "She's of uncertain age;
She wears her hat because she's gray."
Two hands went up, two pins came down.
Her hat was off. Her hair was brown.

M. L. AVARY.

COMFORT.

"HE HAS broken my heart," wailed the beautiful girl.

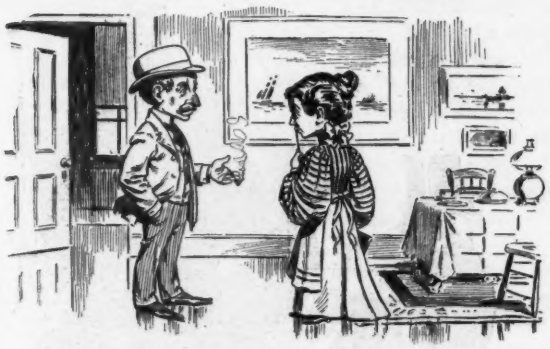
"There, there! don't take on so," said her friend in tones of pity; "it might have been your bicycle."

HE WOULDN'T TELL.

PARSON GOODMAN—"Do you know where little boys go who go fishing on Sunday?"

BAD BOY—"Aw, say—I ain't givin' away snaps, yer know. If yer lookin' fer a good fishin'-hole w'y don't yer go find it yerself, same as ev'rybody else does? Yer must t'ink I'm a jay."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.



JAMES—"There's no use talking, Mary; this extravagance will have to be stopped. Why, it costs me more to run this house than it does my business. It's awful."

MARY—"Well, James, if you think you can manage things any better I'm willing for you to try."

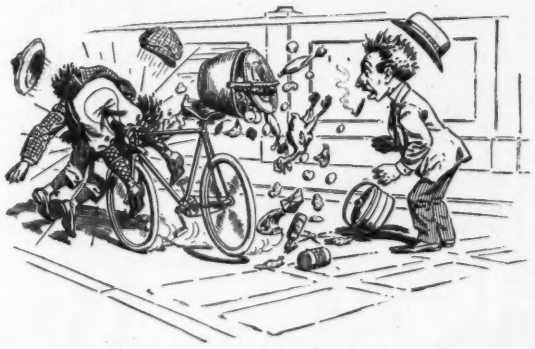
JAMES—"All right. Get me the basket; I'll go to market."

JAMES—"By George! this going to market ain't all it's cracked up to be. Here, sonny; carry this basket for me."

SONNY—"All right, sir."

JAMES—"There! I've forgotten the smear-kase. However—— Look out when you cross the street, sonny."

SONNY—"Yes, sir."



JAMES—"By gosh! I knew it!——

——(*Bang! I I*) D——!—!—!!"

UNSATISFIED.

SHE wore a rose in her hair,
And it was a day in June.
No other day was so rare,
And yet I had kissed too soon.
What else should one propose
"Under the rose"?

But swiftly months pass, till now
The mistletoe decks her hair;
And I have uttered a vow
That kisses I'll forbear.
Yet still she seems put out.
What is it about?

THE BOSTONESE.

FOR the convenience of those who may have occasion to enter within the sacred precincts of the literary areopagus of the western world we proffer a few expressions from the Bostonese, with translations in the vernacular.

Intellectual indigent—Blockhead.

Albuminous prevarication—A white lie.

Post-nocturnal recuperation—Breakfast.

Meridian accubation—Dinner.

Intercameral communication—Door.

Somnambulistic peripatetic—One who walks in his sleep.

Lineamental indentations—Dimples.

Transmigratory mendicant—A tramp.

Promiscuous proletariat—The common herd.

Supererogatory dilettanteish—Bostonian.

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

"WELL, now that you are back, you can tell us how much it costs to go to Europe."

"All you've got and all you can borrow over there."

A NATURAL QUESTION.

Mr. Chapleigh (suddenly)—"I have an idea!"

Miss Alethea (interested)—"Whose is it?"

MESSENGER—"Did you ring for a boy, sir?"

JAMES—"Yes. Just run up to my house and tell my wife that she'd better attend to the marketing herself, as I shall be detained at the office till after dark."

PERTINENT QUERY.

COHEN—"Dere goes Hockheimer. Dot man has got monish to burn."

ISAACS—"Vare dit he got a holdt ohf any confederate monish?"

"NOT THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT."

A MIRACLE IF TRUE.

"WHY do the neighbors doubt Winson's word?"

"Simply for the reason that he says he built his new house within the architect's original estimate."

A BEAUTY-SPOILER.

"PRETTY thing, that of Tennyson's, about the brook going on forever."

"Yes, very."

"But, then, the same thing might have been said about a grease-spot."

AT THE LIARS' CLUB.

BROTHER THINSHANK tells an interesting story of an Englishman and a Frenchman who held a unique conversation across the English channel.

Brother Legless Jones reports that during the war there were half a score of regiments in the army of the Potomac that were known as the ten commandments.

Brother Francisco tells a story of California life; how a fire broke out in the mountains and burned the Sacramento river until it separated into two parts. The ranchmen carried water in pails in order to splice the stream and get it to running again.

Brother Dressuit relates the story of a nightmare. He came home from a dance, put his shoes on a chair near the stove, and fell asleep as he sat warming his feet. He dreamed the house was on fire, and awoke just as he was being strangled to death by the smoke. The stove was red-hot, the chair was on fire, and his shoes were run down at the heels.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

HIS GAME.

"PAPA must be awful fond of whist," said Dorothy, "'cause whenever he comes home late an' I'm awake an' mamma 's asleep he says it."

NO MISNOMER.

STAR BOARDER—"What might you call the particular breed of this—er—er—chicken?"

MRS. FLINT—"That, sir, is a genuine Plymouth rock."

STAR BOARDER—"How very appropriate!"

A GRIEVOUS INSULT.

COLONEL SWILSON (*of Kentucky*)—"I hev bin grossly insulted, suh, by ouah mayor to-day."

MAJOR BOURBON—"How so, kuhnel?"

COLONEL SWILSON (*indignantly*)—"He hed th' effront'ry, suh, t' ask me t' suhve as a membah of th' watah-works boahd."

HIS QUEER ADVENTURE.

"HAD a queer adventure last evening," said he musingly.

"What was it?" asked the other he.

"Sat at the theatre behind a beautiful girl whose immense feathered hat shut out the stage completely."

"And you call that remarkable?"

"I stood it during one act, just because she was so beautiful—and charming, too, as I saw by the way she talked to the man beside her. But when the second act began"——

"You went out and lost your two-dollar seat, all for a woman's vanity and insolence. And this is the unselfish sex!"

"Wait; I'll tell you. I did nothing of the kind. I leaned forward and, with a humble apology for the request, asked if she would be so good as to remove her hat. And she turned her beautiful gray eyes upon me and"——

"Oh, I know!" burst out the other he. "Gave you a stony glare for your impudence. Such heartless women have no thought for any one's comfort but their own."

"She turned her charming gray eyes upon me and said, 'Certainly. I'm so sorry you did not remind me sooner. You must have missed so much of the first act.' What do you think of that?"

"It's impossible!"

"Well, that's just what makes it so queer—it's true."

IT MADE HIM BLUSH.

WIFE—"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself—getting a little boy like that to do your snow-shoveling."

HUSBAND—"It *doesn't* seem right, with an able-bodied bicyclist like you in the house."

NECESSARILY AUDIBLE.

"WHAT a loud dress Mrs. Jaysmith has on!"

"Yes; it is ornamented with accordion trimming."

SOMETOIMES Oi've thought 'twor th' most ignorant payple thot knows th' most.

ANTI-SLIDE.

JOHNNIE (*on first view of new home, and in deep disgust*)—"Th' architec' who made th' design fer this stairway must hev never bin a boy."

NON-COMMITTAL.

"I SAY, Charley," said a rounder to our Dutch barber as he strolled out into Third avenue; "I say, Charley, how did you vote?"

"In von ohf dem shicken-coops on der gorner," he answered with a smile.

"I know; but what ticket did you vote?" said his questioner sharply.

"Id vas yoost like all der rest—a big von like a noosebaper," said the good-natured Dutchman, still smiling.

"Of course, of course! But what party did you give your vote to?" and his querist was getting warm.

"I gif id to der barty sedding aroundt der table, undt I guess id vas all righd." And still he smiled.

"Say, you Dutch lunkhead! I don't believe you know how you voted," said the angry questioner.

"Dere vas a couple ohf us, den, ain'd id? Py chiminy! you don'd know how I voted" And, still smiling, he sauntered around the corner.

IT MAY BE POSSIBLE.

"IT IS the most remarkable discovery of the age—something I never expected to see—an entirely unlooked-for fact—a"——

"In heaven's name! what is it?"

"You could never have guessed it—you couldn't guess it in a lifetime."

"What is it?"

"Here is an absolutely decent piece of news in the one-cent *Howler*."

"Oh, that can't be an event; it's simply a mistake."

ITS SPARKLE.

"IT FWEEZED up so twiek zis mornin'," said Margie, who had been to the river, "zat a lot of daylight dot taughted in ze ice."

IN GROGAN'S ALLEY.

REVEREND DOLEFUL DUMPS—"Don't you know, young man, that you should never raise your hand in anger against a weaker brother?"

SON OF THE TENEMENTS—"Aw, g'wan! I didn't. I jes' give 'im a chuck in de slats."

JUST LIKE FINDING.

JUDGE—"You are charged with burglarv. How do you plead?"

PRISONER—"Not guilty. boss; an' I'll tell yo' why. In de fust place de chicken-coop doah wuzn't eben locked; in de secon' place dar wuz no burglar-alarm; in de third place dar wuz no bull-dog; an' in de fourf place dar wuz no steel traps. Now dat ain' burglary et all, boss; dat's jes' simply *findin'* chickens, an' I leabe it toe yo'saif."

WHY?

I THINK it's awfully funny,
The things grown people say,
When all of us little fellows
Must talk the properest way.

When grown-up folks talk of bicycles
For short they call 'em bikes;
But when *I* speak of icicles
They'd laugh if I said ikes.

JUDITH SPENCER.

SUICIDAL.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Everybody says the charity ball was a failure."

Mrs. Dorcas—"So it was. The committee cut down the expenses so that there would be something left for charity."

JUST LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN.

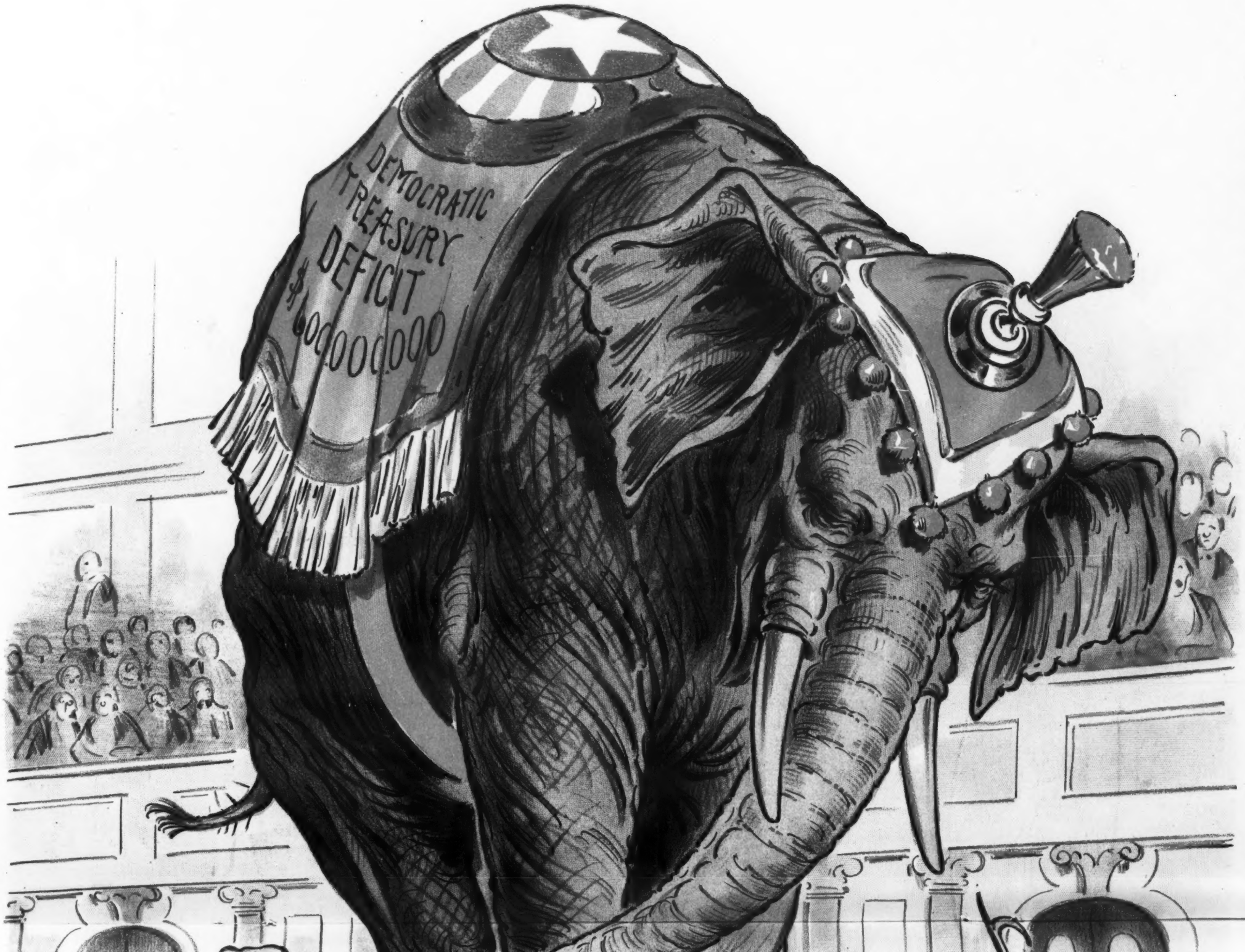
"WHO invented the saying, 'He laughs best who laughs last'?"

"He must have been an Englishman."

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE WEST.

THE PUNCHERS—"Come on, boys! Let's knock this town clean off th' jography."

But they were unfamiliar with the ways of our lady cyclist.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UNCLE SAM "HAS AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS."

By an unprecedented majority the people of this country voted to do away with the treasury deficit. The only way to accomplish this result is to provide a tariff-law which will raise sufficient revenue to pay the expenses of the government. Give us more revenue, and be quick about it.—*Daily paper.*

HER FIRST EXPERIENCE.

HE entered the polling-place, followed by a canine of the pretzel-caudal-appendage variety. His physiognomy was of the style worn by a thirty-third-degree bruiser. Approaching the table with a bargain-counter air, coming from long and persistent pursuit of cheap notions and fabrics, she sought to seize a few ballots, but was successfully parried by a bewhiskered inspector. A monotonous basso-profundo requested her name.

"Edna Foxcroft Bassington," she replied, with a commencement-day emphasis.

"Where do you reside?" asked some one, amid the inharmonious scratching of a half-dozen pens.

"On South Boston avenue," she sighed in protest, but with martyr-like resignation. The adamant officials stared at their registry lists, escaping a freezing glance from her snapping eyes.

"The number?" groaned some one else.

Edna Foxcroft Bassington was rapidly losing her sweet disposition.

"This impertinence is unbearable," she insisted, tapping her foot nervously. "I shouldn't wonder but what you would next have the brazen impudence to demand the date of my birth and whether Charlie and I are engaged."

The tragedian voice repeated the query without inflection, adding that it was necessary.

Edna was plainly suffering from suppressed emotion, but she answered, "Next to Mrs. Offleigh's; the brown cottage with a green lawn in front and écru blinds." Here there was a heavy fall in one of the booths and some one opened the door to discover that an adipose man, six feet tall, with a red beard, had fainted. He was removed to a drug-shop near by.

There was a tremor in the basso-profundo as it resumed the inquisition with, "What number?"

Edna thought. "Let me see," she continued, "Mrs. Offleigh's is 642; ours is — yes — no — yes—I think number 644. Now I am moderately certain that it is 644. If you had a directory I could make sure."

A policeman at the door sat down, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow and looking quite ill.

Edna was again about to speak when the bass voice, weak and husky, remarked for all to hear and with apparent effort, "E. F. Bassington, number 943."

"But I don't live at 943!" she asserted retortingly. "I'm certain it's in the 640's somewhere."

"That's the number of your ballot," whispered the basso-profundo with public emotion.

He handed her eighteen slips of paper of various sizes and tearfully pointed to the line of voting booths.

"I don't want all of these," she protested. "I did not come here to vote for the whole neighborhood. I am no repeatress, sirs, and I simply desire the single ballot representing the principles for which the champions of my sex have contended."

After this tragic declaration and after some one had accidentally expectorated beneath the table and hurt the optic of the tough-visaged dog, the bass voice, in an emotional whisper and with distress, informed her that the law required her to enter a booth, select her own ballot, fold it and deliver it to the proper official.

Edna summoned her canine and strode like an injured queen toward the booth. "Here, Claudy, Claudy!" she called endearingly. Claudy, however, seemed to have suspicions and clung near to the exit.

She pleaded with the watchers to aid her in procuring his unwilling carcass and securing his presence in the booth by force. They did not seem inclined.

"Cruel, heartless things!" she half-shouted, half-sobbed. "Dear Claudy, I cannot enter there without your guarding presence. Come, Claudy, come!"

However, Claudy refused to locomote in that direction.

"Take your old curl-papers, wretches!" she stormed. "This is a base conspiracy against us. You will not permit us to vote because you fear our power."

She cast the ballots madly upon the floor, stamped upon them, and with Claudy sneaking at her heels strode out, banging the door.

The sigh of relief that went up was carried unanimously. And the only remark made was the sound of numerous penknives, scratching from the record the abbreviated name of Edna Foxcroft Bassington.

LA MONTE WALDRON.

NO LIE.

MISS CEENHIM—"But each time I called yesterday I was told that you were out?"

JACK POTT—"Well, so I was. The boys were in, playing poker."

HE GOT THERE.

The fast mail did not stop at Bagtown——

——but Jones knew how to board——

——the train.

Within two days after election the Elkader *Register* pops up and says, "Now, Mr. Hanna, please let us have those good prices." Somehow this reminds us of the man who one morning bought his boy a book on elocution and oratory. That night he said, "James, have you looked at the book I gave you this morning?" "Yes, pa," said the young man. "Good," said the parent. "Git out on the floor there and let me hear you elocute a little." —*West Union (Iowa) Gazette.*

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic, cannot be successfully imitated in this country. Insist on having the only genuine, prepared by Dr. Siegert.

Yo' kin seldom git a man's hones' opinion ef he knows whad answer yo' want.—Doan' t'ink ob toe-morrer w'en yo' ah troubled; t'ink ob a year from toe-morrer.—Yo'r frien's ah often afraid toe do yo' a favah, fearin' hit wud displease yo'r enemy.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

If Dobbins's Electric Soap *is* what so many insist that it is you *cannot afford* to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can *decide for yourself* very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

"Excuse me," said the Vassar girl sweetly; "but will you be good enough to open this window for me?" *Commercial traveler* (who has tried it before)—"Really, I should be delighted; but the fact is I forgot the combination several years ago."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Is the queen in?" asked an Irishman of a portly gentleman just issuing from Windsor castle. "What do you wish? I am the prince of Wales." "Glad to know you. Is your mother in?"—*New York Journal.*

Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune)—"That is the fourteenth mourning-costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other."—*Young widow*—"Oh, my dear! I have forty. But such a bother they were to have made! At one time I almost wished that poor, dear George hadn't died."—*Spare Moments.*

Many things which are advertised possess no value; but who would say that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup possesses no merit? It is the standard remedy of our age.

"We drink too much beer," says the Chicago *Chronicle.* That's bad, very bad. But how much is too much beer in Chicago?—*Utica Observer.*

A professor of something or other says that cats die at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet. While this is good news, perhaps he will inform an humble Rochesterian how cats are to be elevated to that height without the use of a twelve-inch wire-wound gun, which is not an article of household utility.—*Rochester Herald.*

Always have a bottle or two of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* in your ice-chest; then you will always be ready for callers.

Office-boy—"Please, sir, I've a complaint to make. The book-keeper kicked me, sir. I don't want no book-keeper to kick me." *Boss*—"Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after every little detail in the business myself."—*New York Tribune.*

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For sale by all Retail Jewelers.

When two women love the same man the wrong one always gets him. It doesn't matter which.—*New York Press.*

THE SECRET.

"I don't see how, in your business, you keep a silk hat looking so nice. It must get a good many hard knocks."

"You see, it's like this—hard knocks don't matter. It's a *Knox* hat."

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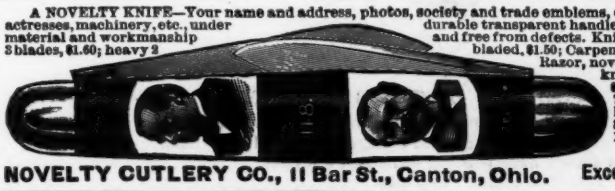

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Yours truly,
W. E. PENN,
EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK., May 24th, 1894.

The above is a letter written by the late Rev. W. E. Penn, the noted Evangelist, to Mrs. W. H. Watson, New Albion, N. Y.

Aerial Medication has triumphed and I am cured. One thousand dollars would be nothing compared to this. I have had bitter suffering from Catarrh. Since I had La Grippe the disease settled in the back of my head and my sufferings have been almost unbearable. I thank God I ever heard of your treatment, which has no equal. I can speak in the highest terms of Aerial Medication.
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At the age of sixty-nine, after having suffered from Catarrhal Deafness twenty years, am truly thankful to state that I am entirely cured by Aerial Medication; my hearing, which had become so bad that I could not hear a watch tick, or conversation, is fully restored. I will verify this statement.
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O whah, ol' miss, is de lil' one gone?
Fer de sunshine is flickerin' dim;
De stahs winks weak fum de dusk tel de dawn,
An' de birds seem a-mopin' fer him.
Will I heah nevah mo'
Lil' foots on de flo',
An' de joy uv his lil' teensy laff?
Wus dey nevah a one
Fer to cheer, as alone
He went down de glimmerin' paff?

Mighty lil', ol' miss, fer ter cause sech a shade,
An' make all de worl' dess a was';
Mighty lil' fer to make all de flowers look daid,
Wid nevah no smiles on dey face!
But de angels abuv'
Luv' his ways as we luv';
An' de joy uv his lil' teensy laff;
An' I knows dey's erlong
Dess a-singin' dey song
As he pass'd down de glimmerin' paff.
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Freshleigh, 'oo, met an old colored man the other day crossing the campus, and the following conversation ensued: *Freshleigh*—"Hello, Sam! the trees are getting nearly as black as you are, hey?" *Big Sam*—"Yessah, an' next spring, sah, dey'll be nearly as green as you, sah."—*Princeton Tiger.*

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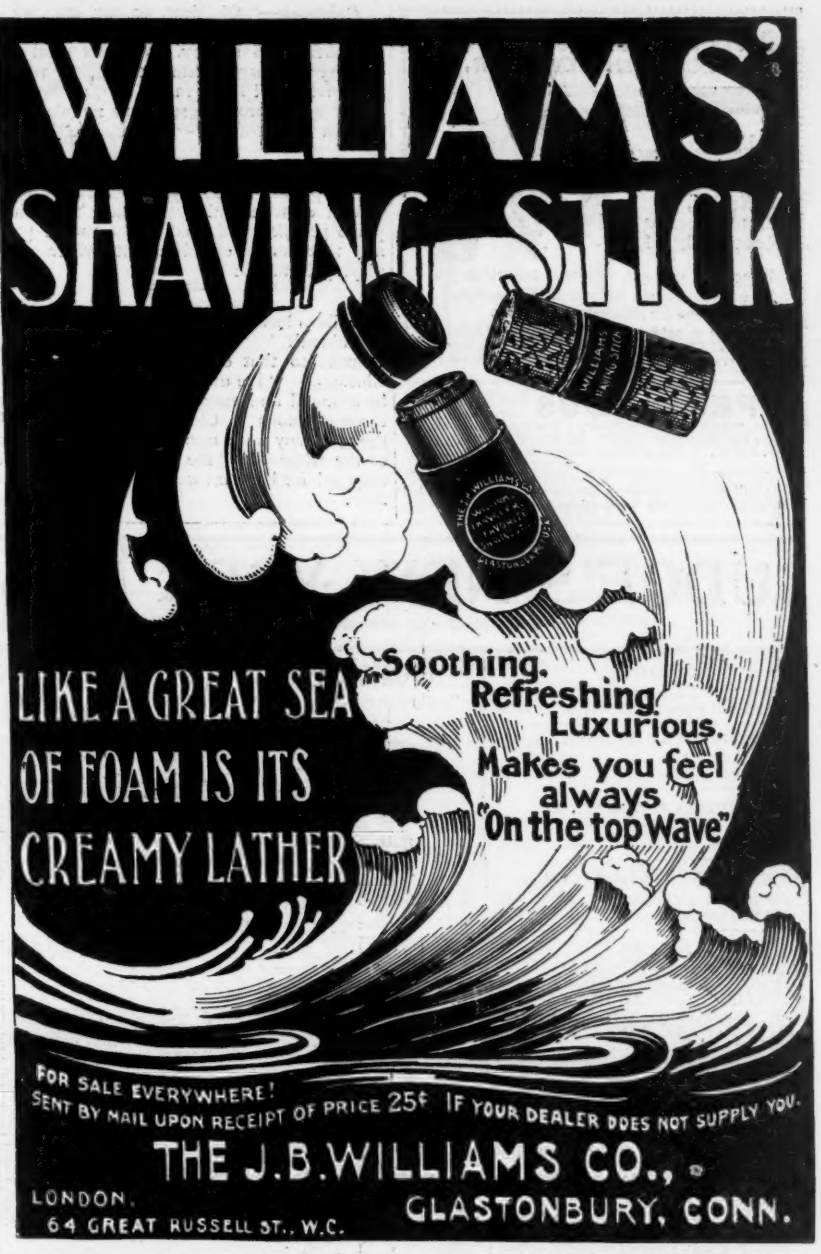

The sight-seer was going through the prison. A liberal fee had procured from the jailer many tales of the various crimes of the prisoners. They had passed seventy-two cells, and, stopping before the next, the sight-seer said: "And why was this poor wretch convicted?" The jailer paused. "I never," said he, glancing up at the number over the door, "speak of the crime of seventy-three."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

When a girl gets home from boarding-school the first thing she does is to move all the books in the house into one room, litter the table with old magazines and try to make the family call it "the library"—*Troy Press.*

Lord Bareacres—"You have called regarding the situation of footman?" *Applicant*—"Yes, my lord." *Lord Bareacres*—"Was there not some one in the ante-room as you came in?" *Applicant*—"There was, my lord. There was a man with a writ for your lordship, but I threw him out." Applicant engaged on the spot—*Tit-Bits.*

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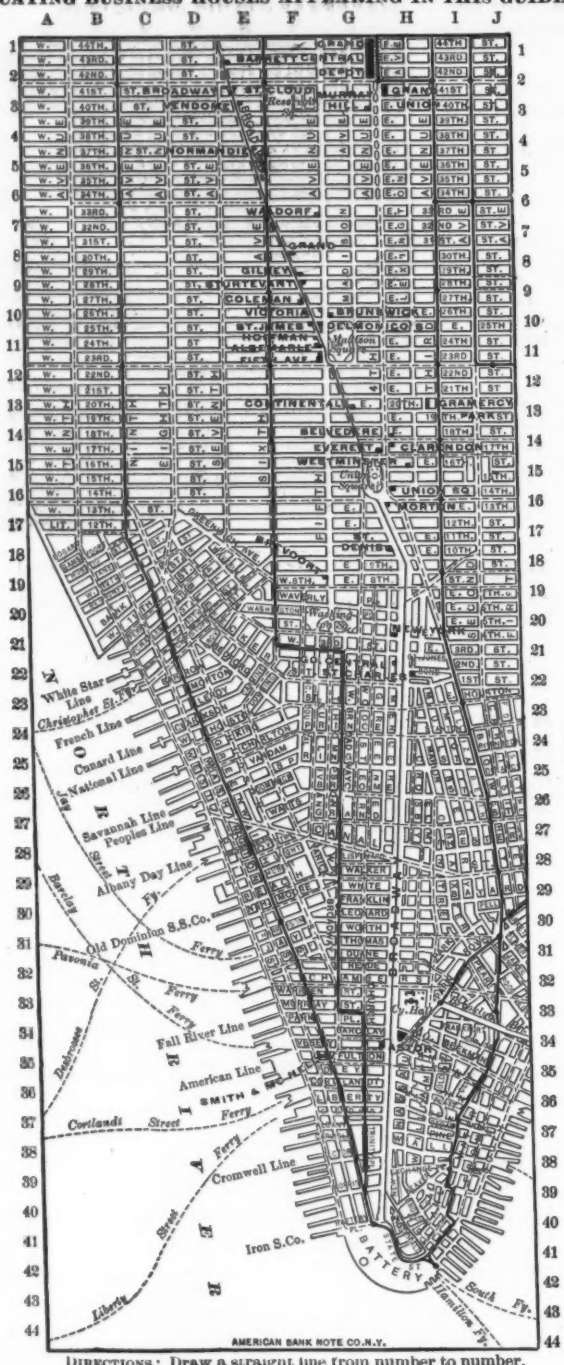

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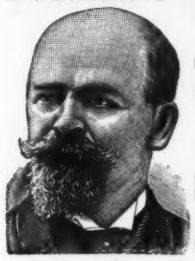

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CAPTAIN SCRAPPS—"Cheer up, old boy! one of your opponent's ears is hanging only by a shred."
JACK HALFBACK (*sadly*)—"What's an ear more or less? I'd give both ears to have that bunch of hair back again that Puller got when I was downed." (*Bursts into tears.*)

VISITOR—"And what does that poor fellow imagine himself to be—Atlas lifting the world?"
GUARD—"Not quite as bad as that, sir. Since he got kicked in de head in a scrimmage he only imagines dat dere's sixteen men on his back tryin' ter git de ball frum him."

A foot-ball pointer—Bucking the (s)center.

JUDGE makes a few pertinent armor suggestions for foot-ball players of to-day.

TOM—"Come over an' git a position in the 'rush' line."
DICK—"No, I prefer to get on my 'pads' and play 'full-back.'"
TOM—"Why so?"
DICK—"To avoid visiting 'clubs' knocking the spots out of me."

JACK HARDTACKLE—"Though she has thrown me down ten times, I don't see how Ethel can refuse my marriage proposal to-night, when she saw me make that ten-yard gain at the game to-day and come out alive!"

BROTHER—"Why so sad, Tom? Are you still yearning for that foot-ball life that the doctor bade you forget?"
TOM WIAHHAIR (*bitterly*)—"Forget! how can a man forget foot-ball when he sees an ambulance on every block?"

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THE FOOT-BALL FAD.